



THE WAY  
OF ALL  
FLESH.

# Corpse

## CHEMICALS -

rock - marked greying veins weaving through a network in scrawny chalk - white arms. clear electric buzz & glazed, unseeing eyes. shaking hands, light up another fag & try to keep a grasp on reality, stop freaking out, can't handle it, laughing, laughing, laughing, what's so funny? crash out in a corner & everything is alright / until tomorrow / come-down come-uppance CHEMICALS .

from the shit that you drop - amphetamine sulphate, toluene, drinamyl, the, lysergic acid diethylamide, methedrine, phenol - barbitone, codeine, tuinal, diacetyl morphine, amyl nitrate.

to the shit that you eat - monosodium glutamate, bleached flour, sodium nitrate, various insecticides & defoliants, sugar - 2lbs per week per man, woman, & child in north-west europe & north america.

you will find that escape is impossible - billowing out of the dark, satanic mills in great clouds of sulphur & carbon. rising up, slowly forming a belt of dust, blocking out the sun's rays little by little. aerosols erode the ozone layer, & with every breath taken more lead creeps into your bloodstream, from ash - clogged lungs up into a rotting brain.

your emotions purified & sanitized like the bright white, late night street light glare reflected up off the amphetamine snow. sold and re-sold until the dream becomes a reality & everyone is happy. the people who talk about beauty & love & courage & freedom only know it because they saw it on t.v. .

" accept a bigger notion of evil than these people can stomach. it makes them feel utterly impotent, & impotence isn't a pleasant thing to face. so they avert their gaze & turn to more manageable cases, where expressing your outrage can bring results for once. still, the sad thing about freedom is that, in a way, it is a blind alley, a dead end; you can't ask for more, there's nothing else to aspire to.

then there's the old hidden suspicion which we all share that human life is worthless, that everybody is replaceable, that you don't necessarily pay the price for what you've done, that all this loose talk about ethics is for the birds, that what there really is, is a great gray chaos. these sentiments promise to become a lot more prominent in the near future, if only because of over - population. so why don't we embrace it right now? but this is a train into the future which stops at the labour camp or the gas chamber.

we've all been lead into a mental trap, by our civilisation. we have all been told by our mother or nurse or someone, than man is good, that good triumphs over evil. so when we're confronted with something nasty our initial reaction is that there must be some mistake - either we've made it, or better still, someone else. it would be much better for mothers to tell children that there's a 50% chance of the big gray wolf coming, & that he will look like us ."

- dan.

the public - school experience is one which has exerted an important and undeniable influence of a significant minority of male british youth. this experience is self - perpetuating ; through the 'old boy network', and through the subliminal influence of ex - pupils forming a large portion of the staff in their own, or other, public - schools.

in recent years attempts have been made to dissipate the influence of history upon these institutions - a history of hierarchy, brutality, and homosexuality. these attempts - the increasing introduction of female pupils (usually past the 'age of consent'), the relaxation of traditional, often corporal, punishment, and the breakdown of inter-pupil feudalism - have not however been sufficient to overcome the now unfashionable forces of psychological influence, namely history, as perpetrated by the very nature of the institutions themselves, and as a subliminal folk - loris genealogically contracted from father or teacher to son.

homosexual lust is ingrained through the isolation of the individual - being thrust without preparation into a hostile environment in which the weak are systematically abused on the flimsiest of pretexts, a hostility compounded by uniformity of dress, spartan conditions, which, with dormitory living usually entails a complete loss of privacy, and supported by the unwritten, but sometimes spoken, maxim of all such schools, that the pupil is undergoing a formative period of 'toughening up'. unfortunately this process occurs, not only involuntarily, but at exactly the age when adolescence begins and acquires direction through sexuality : which totally belies the belief that toughening - up is an unpleasant benefit, when homosexuality, regardless of moral concerns, is largely unacceptable in society - a disservice.

desire is only exorcised through violence, physical contact can only be achieved through 'silent' rape, which since it does not constitute an erotic consummation cannot be self - fulfilling. most pupils pass through this stage to heterosexual relationships outside and after school. however it is not true to say that they do not encounter, or become a part of, this phenomenon. in an environment where one is systematically stripped of privacy and dignity, where potential confidants become violent opponents, nothing is said of the sexuality in which most indulge, for fear of presenting the slightest weakness to be exploited by the hierarchy.

homosexuality is openly condemned for the sake of conformity, but surreptitiously encouraged by those teachers, 'masters', and boys, who enjoy the spectacle of its diluted forms - violence is outwardly condemned, for the sake of conformity, whilst being surreptitiously encouraged as the only means of perpetrating the system.

a trade - off is played between academic prowess and social conditioning, the former being displayed with pride, the latter being silently, even jealously, guarded - the silence facilitates the nurturing of the illusion of progressive reform.

these tendencies occasionally manifest themselves through drug - abuse, alcoholism, homosexuality, violence, and sadism taken to such extremes whereby they become noticed above the mass of everyday life.

# EDUCATION...

the misogyny of the situation is manifested in the extent to which females are merely represented as sterile images, dozens of posed pictures on each dormitory wall - they are objects of worship and fantasy - neither lovers nor friends.

i have seen naked women burned in effigy as my 'education', ashes on the toilet floor, ash of flesh in the room for shit. i have been locked in a tiny cubicle with 2 other boys to rip open open-legged whores with a pump action pistol, the bullets ploughing through the paper into the beer cans behind, one boy cups my ass in his outstretched arms, smiles and kisses me, excitement, guns, arousal - daubed onto the picture are primitive sex pictures of the few girls nearby.

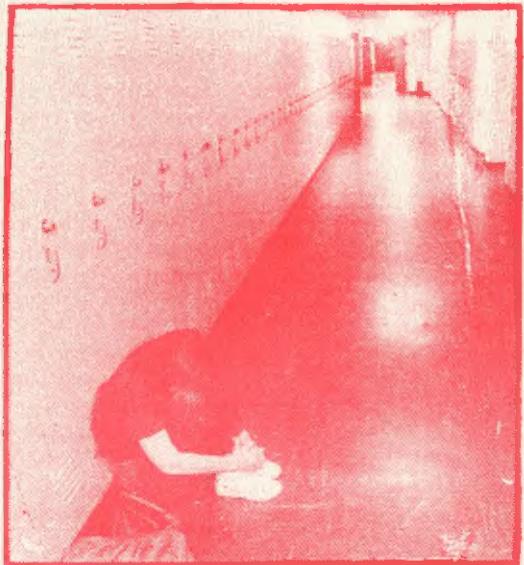
i have seen a boy tied to a chair with his night-gown set alight, i have seen (and felt) the razor blades and glinting broken glass, used for torture, retaliation, or masturbation. i have seen sheets of petrol - flame lick the walls, broken furniture, burning phones and curtains, i have seen (my) bloodstains on the walls.

boys hang in the showers, masturbate in the toilets - shit and sex - a world evolved for the benefit of those in control, not those who payed, not developed for sympathy.

i have sung songs to god, queen, country, and school - i have sung in a language i do not understand, over and over. i have cleaned the puke off sad boys, drinking alcohol or sniffing glue, i have been stripped and kissed then beaten up by the people that i loved.

new - boys, day - boys, stutterers, squeakers, left-wingers, queers are victimised in order to 'prepare' them for an outside-world which does not even care enough to be so vindictive ; how could such concentrated emotional and physical humiliation be produced by anything except a devotion based on 'love'? the system exists to prepare the pupil not for the 'world outside', but for the world inside as perpetrated by that pupil.

it is a system designed to subjugate the will of the individual to his 'duty', by conditioning and the lasting threat of guilt.



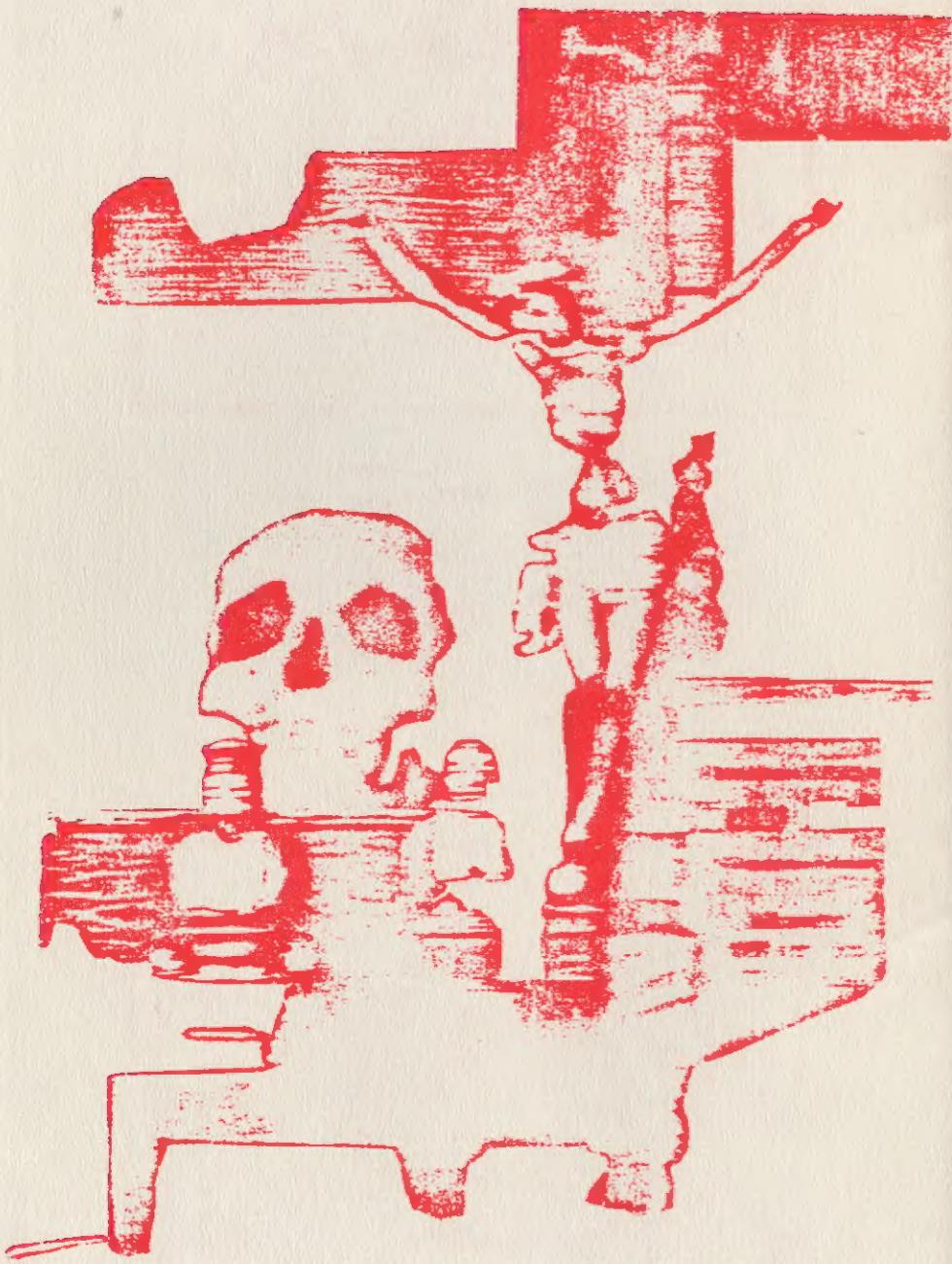
"When I am dead, and laid in grave  
And all my bones are rotten,  
By this may I remembered be,  
When I should be forgotten."

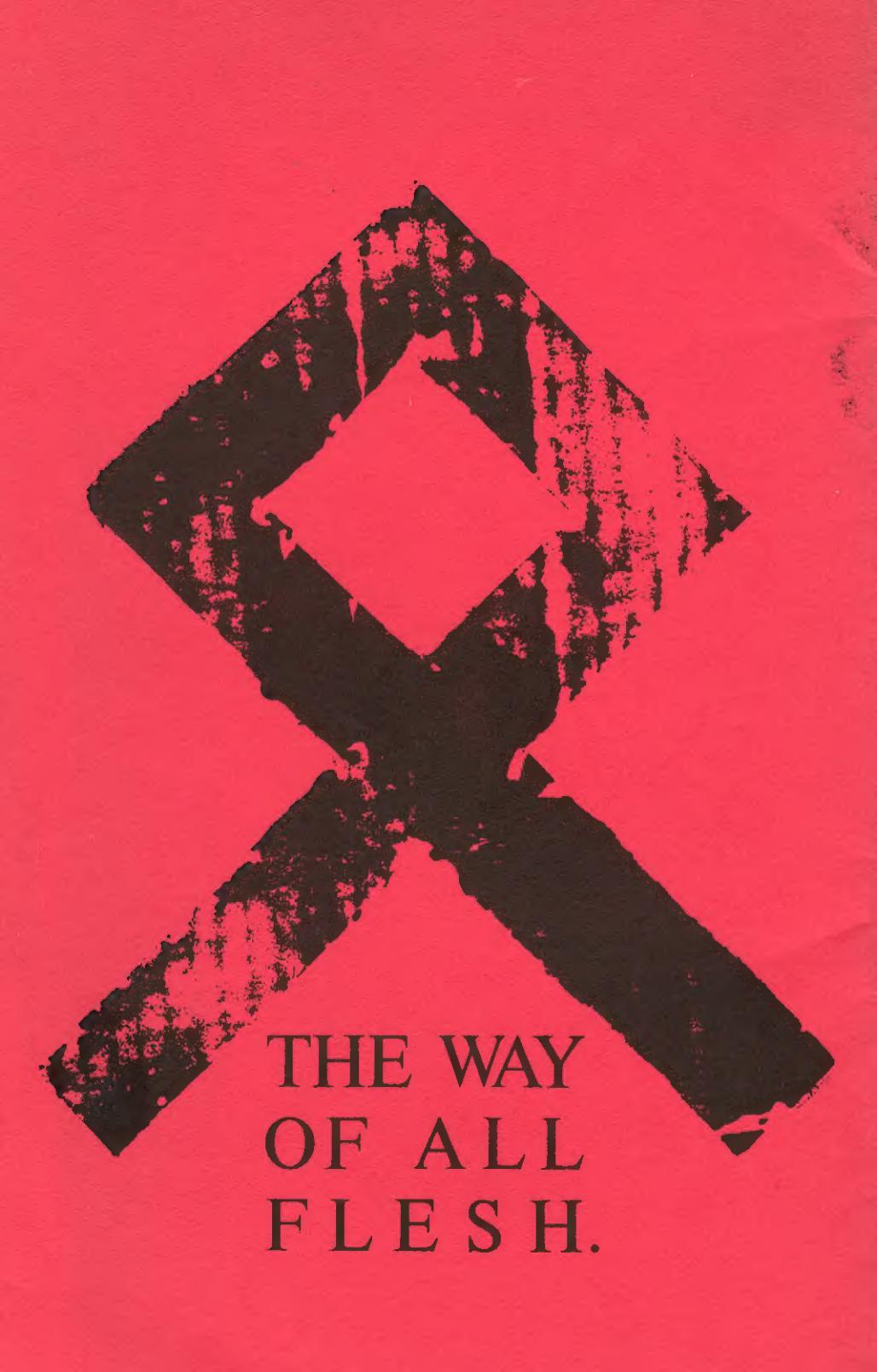
On a girl's sampler, c.1700.



## THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.







THE WAY  
OF ALL  
FLESH.

# THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.

This booklet is a cooperative project between COUP DE GRACE (Cambridge, MA. U.S.A.) and ASHENDEN (London, England).

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The original idea for this release of texts was conceived in February, 1985 and now, more than a year later, it has finally come "into the flesh". The texts that appear on these pages may be useful to some, worthless to others. They reveal the underlying philosophies and intentions of their creators. They exist for those who care to investigate...

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American Connection: Michael Moynihan. London Connection: Joe Banks. Released: March 1986. Texts originally written 1984-1986. The texts appear exactly as they were submitted; they have not been corrected or altered in any way. Typography: Tristan Stevens. Layout & Design: FormTech, Inc.- to whom our sincere thanks are due.

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# COUP DE GRACE

## 1985

### • STAGE 2 •

T  
E  
X  
  
Our world is barely there. A stream of unpleasant events strung together by a thing called LIFE. This life is a wound, with infection spreading through every area; with each generation it moves farther down its path of death and decay. Who cut open this wound? And whose bacteria created the infection? An old, old system was and is the scalpel, with time its whetstone. Society on top of society watching the blade shine in the sun. Guilty as individuals, guilty as a whole. Only a very few try to stop the stroke of the blade... and as a result the stroke of the blade usually stops them. Cut open, dissected in front of the rest. Every vessel/limb/neuron exposed. Grey matter sterilized to black and white. An example for all. The wrong road to follow. Maybe it is for the best- fatigue set in early. But the others could never understand. They have their own concerns. The pain of the few is 1000 times more intense than anything ever felt by the onlookers. Fracture, surgery, heart attack- these pale in comparison. It is an internal affliction. Inside the mind. But they could never understand. They just laugh, insult and spit, possibly stopping for a moment to stare. Then back to the real world, back to work, back to school, back to DEATH. Back to their world. It is theirs. They can have it. I want no part of it. I never asked for any part of it. They accept their situation and in turn they deserve their situation. You get what you pay for. You want a life, WE'LL give you a life. There are only 2 paths. The left hand and right. It is a choice we all make. For some it happens in a split second, barely registering on the brain; for others it requires a life-time. Neither of these instances has any effect. Time is wasted in both. The third alternative is the CONSCIOUS decision. The decisive act resulting in commitment. An unspoken commitment. In turn forming a constant reflex. An individual reflex. A powerful reflex. The only way to reach it is to search inside. You are the key...


Watch it all pass without a word. The safest approach. A set of ideals. An underlying philosophy. The way to attack life. It is mine. It is not obvious. There will always be more than meets the eyes... or ears. When they hear nothing they say nothing. And we don't want to hear anything of them. They have no leverage, no basis for any assault. Ask a direct question, the reply will be ambiguous. A double entendre. Purity & Perversion twist together into a single serpent. It slides off through the underbrush before you even reach. It leaves a clear path behind, but one we've already tread. Before they know it they are looking at a maze. Before they take a step it disappears. Even if it remained it would be of no use. Their approval or reprimands are of no importance. They are not acknowledged. I accept my consequences and a forewarning is unnecessary. I accept my consequences and no one else's. We owe no apologies...

Almost all their talk is trivial. It is not worth the breath exhaled. We could spend all the time in the world trying to explain an outlook. We would be wasting all the time in the world. They'll listen and then walk down the hall and flush it down a drain. They make it hard to even care. We force ourselves not to. Keep it silent until the right moment. Till the right person. You know when you're finally there. In the meantime it is a long painful wait. Almost eternity. Then Ecstasy. Silence is camouflage. Hiding the weapons. In close to every situation/confrontation/accusation it is the best defense. Keep yourself out of trouble. Give away nothing. Only to those in the smallest confines of trust and alliance. Only time can bring one into those confines. But the smallest action can reverse the situation. And build an invincible barrier. You must constantly keep on guard. At every moment be looking to all sides. Approached to retreat. It is not a possibility. Time moves only forward; we move in life; life moves toward death.

We need a new life. The ones offered are not choices at all. What we want to do with ourselves does not fit. So we must remain silent. We must appear to be one of the same. We protect ourselves. Underneath a silent facade is a seething industry. They will never even catch a glimpse. Their lives could not begin to comprehend. But it will always be there, obscured from visibility, under different names but in reality the same. For every thousand killed there is always another created. A perpetual motion. Unrelenting forces of destruction and reconstruction. New buildings. We witness life, review life. Renew life...



# POTENCIES.

It is the pervasive element. It gains strength through time; every minute, hour, day, decade, becoming the final antigen. No matter what any one person will say to the contrary, it is the ultimate fear. A loaded firearm pressed against the temple of a human head lowers that human to the basest level. Tears pour, rectal and bladder control are forgotten. They would promise anything. Anything in return for mercy. The most valuable tool in the last gamble. They would give you anything and everything just to remain animate. It defines their life. Their past and future are denied in favor of the selfish present. There is a simple reason behind it all. They do not want to face the one split-second before the end. Exposing the unfailing truth. Of a life wholly devoid of worth or meaning. Everything is evident for that one second...every hour, day, month, year, is held up to the light- and found to be transparent.

So the key is to never encounter that one moment. If the fear does not exist, the moment does not exist. Without fear one is timeless. Trepidation is the only real debilitator... and when it has been destroyed, anything is possible. This is not to say we do not value life. One should value life, and accept its consequences. The inevitable result is demise. It could be today or twenty years from today. And in neither case is it unfair. It is simply reality.

WE ARE NOT AFRAID. We have no reason to be. Put a gun to my head and I will not blink. In this situation acceptance is not defeat, but VICTORY. You can not capitalize on that which does not exist. You will not crush me from within. I stand alone above you. I watch through silence, and I understand. Something only gains power when you give it away. I give nothing. My foundation is set. Steadfast and determined, failure is lost. We will not crack. You have taken away all but the smallest flicker of spirit. A world of ghosts. No living flesh, just empty frames. We have filled ourselves with this reality and discovered life again. You can not take it away once it has moved within. And now it's too late. The most dangerous terrorist is the man who is not afraid of his own death. This power is ours alone...

COUP DE GRACE. 1985.

## BASELESS VISIONS

All this you use as leverage  
All this you call reason  
It offers you the definition  
And your ultimate excuse.  
If you could only see  
What I have seen...  
Maybe in time it will turn around  
But I don't think so.  
They can't keep to themselves  
Mind your own stinking business  
Even if I tried to tell you  
You would just argue anyway.  
And these times that define you  
These times you quote for me  
They are fleeting moments  
THEY ARE NOT REAL.  
Only phantoms of a dream...  
And sections of the nightmare.

C.D.G./1986.

# TRIAL

NO EXIT.

What did one do to deserve all this... the line between trial and daylight has faded into obscurity. Is there no other way besides this eternal compromise. Wishing for my deliverance. Doubting it will ever come... walking on and on and on. A sea of movement washes in my vision. Mask after mask hiding identical faces. The face of failure always grins. I do not. I sit here alone rather than create an illusion. No matter how many of the others you manage to fool, you really can't deceive yourself. There will always be moments in time when the truth pushes itself to the surface of your thoughts. It is always there in my mind... it won't be drowned. I've given up even trying. Torn in two by this whole experience. Every day becoming a bit more bitter and dissatisfied... I'm not feeling too well. Go out to get a breath of fresh air and take in a virus. You say you're bored- it's not hard to figure out why. I want out.

Drag a red line across my wrist. The water is hot. My head goes under. Get up and start it all over again. A red line across my throat. A black hood over my head. A rope around my neck. Time to sleep. At last their voices are silent. At last there is peace. But peace can never really exist. The laws of nature won't allow it. So we have to wake ourselves. My vision is pure, unpolluted by false rewards. We have no choice but to do what we do... there are easier routes but for every one you take you lose a part of yourself. Every step kills a section of the sensual; replaces it with the artificial. And these are not easy steps to retrace... Most would not even see the changes pass by. Most do not want to see. Something is holding my eyes open... they never shut completely. I block my sight, think about nothing, but it's only a matter of time before it all returns.

So I see what I see... and I find no solace or comfort in anything you would call a "solution" to the problem. Your answer always comes down to ignoring the initial mistake. Your mistake. Somehow if you don't look it won't be there. But it is. There is NO safe ground. No area left untainted. We spend every alert moment trying to cleanse the soul, while groveling in the dirt and dust. It will never work. Maybe the final solution is to become one with the soil... but we will try everything in our power before we succumb to the ultimate defeat. When every avenue has been investigated then gladly we leave with no regrets, save for one- That we were ever here in the first place.

WE HAVE LOST THE KEY

AND THE DOOR IS ALWAYS LOCKED

I AM TRAPPED IN A CELL

NOT OF MY OWN CREATION

BUT IT IS THE ONLY REALITY

I CANNOT ESCAPE FROM IT

HELL IS NOT THE FLAME

HELL IS - OTHER PEOPLE.

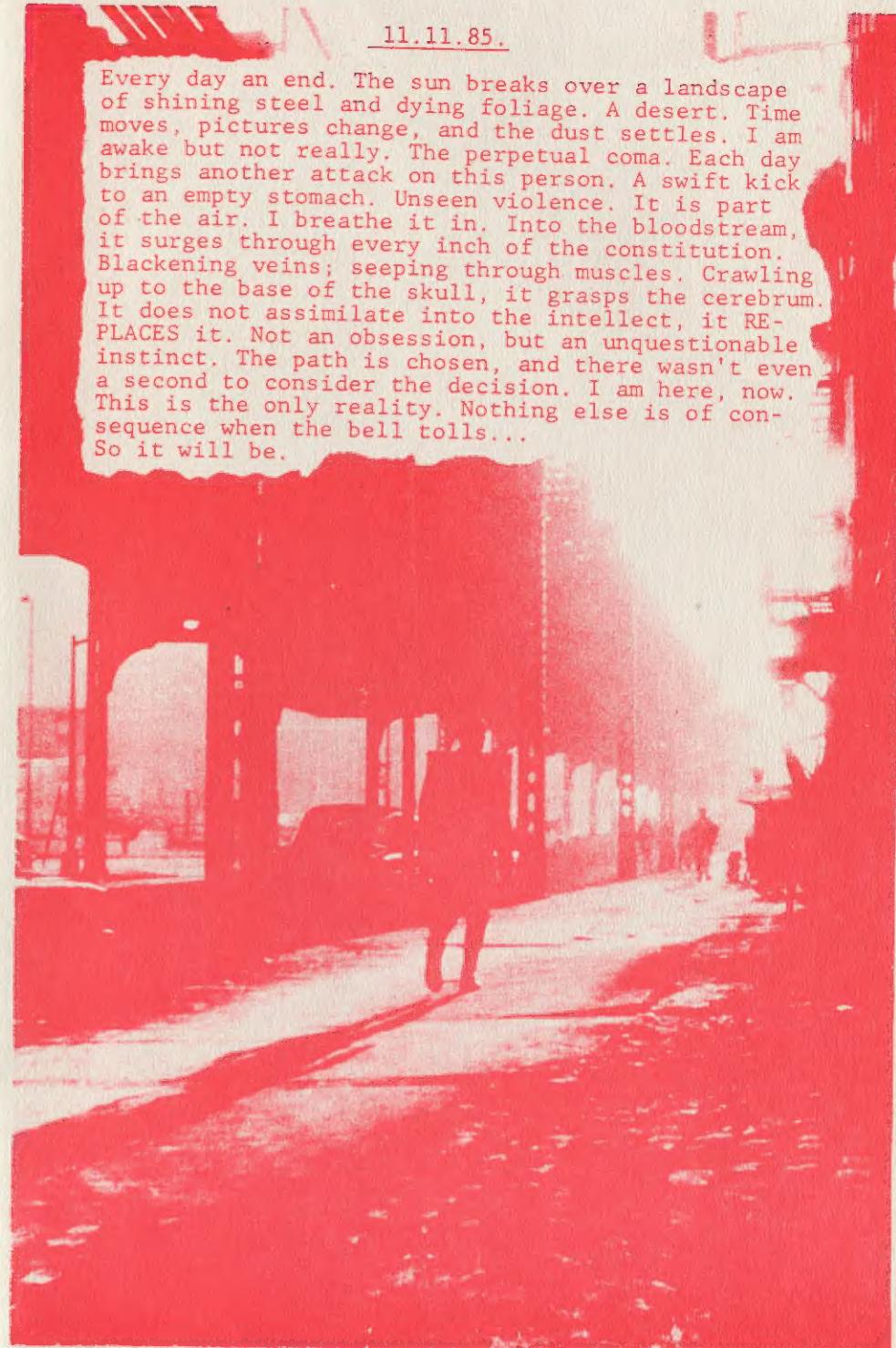
IT EXISTS FOREVER

SO LETS GET ON WITH IT...



11.11.85.

Every day an end. The sun breaks over a landscape of shining steel and dying foliage. A desert. Time moves, pictures change, and the dust settles. I am awake but not really. The perpetual coma. Each day brings another attack on this person. A swift kick to an empty stomach. Unseen violence. It is part of the air. I breathe it in. Into the bloodstream, it surges through every inch of the constitution. Blackening veins; seeping through muscles. Crawling up to the base of the skull, it grasps the cerebrum. It does not assimilate into the intellect, it REPLACES it. Not an obsession, but an unquestionable instinct. The path is chosen, and there wasn't even a second to consider the decision. I am here, now. This is the only reality. Nothing else is of consequence when the bell tolls...  
So it will be.



### THE DEATHENING.

So death, the most terrifying of ills, is nothing to us, since so long as we exist, death is not with us; but when death comes, then we do not exist. It does not then concern either the living or the dead, since for the former it is not, and the latter are no more.

EPICURUS (341-270 B.C.). Letter to Menoeceus.

Nothing that is extreme is evil. Death comes to you? It would be dreadful could it remain with you; but of necessity either it does not arrive, or else it departs.

SENECA (4 B.C.-A.D.65). Letters to Lucilius.

Death is not an event of life. Death is not lived through.  
LUDWIG WITTGENSTEIN (1889-1951). Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus.

Alone of gods Death has no love for gifts,  
Libation helps you not, nor sacrifice.  
He has no altar, and he hears no hymns;  
From him alone Persuasion stands apart.

AESCHYLUS (525-465 B.C.). "Niobe".

We are all holding Death, and Death is holding us.  
Cease to Exist.  
It is the Deathening.

COUP DE GRACE. 1985.





beauty is by definition cruelty, it is the cultivation of the paeon to scarcity, it is by definition exclusive, and, by virtue of human psychology, it is therefore desireable. from this it follows that all cruelty has innate attributes of beauty. beauty, and 'goodness', and 'truth' are each a thing apart, with no necessary interconnections - generosity may be 'beautiful' but is only so in the light of its commonplace scarcity, thus acts of generosity may be considered beautifull only because they expose the inadequacy of day- to- day- generosity ; this example, taken as representative of traditional 'goodness', can also be translated into any instance. cruelty, like this cruelty of giving, can also be taken as an extreme manifestation of honesty, the 'facts' revealed are true from one perspective only, and because this is understood they become more valid than anything masquerading as objective, and this itself depends upon the motive expressed, 'objectivity' hides an inner contempt for the deluded public. at the same time cruelty must not be exclusive to 'goodness', this is because the term 'cruelty' is so limiting according to our cultural expectations of it, an act may give perceived 'good' to the perpetrator and 'bad' to the victim, it may give good in the long run and bad in the short run, or vice versa, or the two, though this is more difficult to express, may coexist. the unifying factor to all forms of cruelty is pain, this is not the pain perceived as opposed to 'pleasure', but pain in its most physiological sense- an indicator of disturbance within the organism ; this definition is universal to all forms of this 'cruelty', but may detract from the fact that the lessons that have brought about this belief and its concomitant reactions almost exclusively involve some sort of 'suffering'.

# ASHENDEN MONASTRY

boys in black and grey rampage through the building, a system - built slum of huge halls divided into tiny partitioned living spaces and cold cavernous cellars. dozens of washroom taps gush into the basins, stuffed with orange paper, the water flows onto the floor, out of the entrance, down the concrete steps. the water drips through the ceiling, onto the housemaster's, leaching the plaster, connecting cross - hatched wires. the master is absent, his subordinate is suitably distracted, sharp crack and flash echoes down the corridor, sharp acrid smell of sheets of ashes drifting on the wind, shards of glass ground into the floor by delighting feet, the holes in the wall, the cuts in the arm bear testament to an elusively personal heroism. the flood, the fire, the conflicting aims - the water, against its sparks ; the water, against the fire, a slim cigarette glows in the half darkness, tucked under the folds of soft paper, waiting, anticipating. the boys are hardened by uniformity and routine, the furniture cracks in blind pleasure, the consequences will be faced, the damage will be paid for, the smoke will clear - the air.

" they say pump it eighteen times, but leave a margin for excess ", the bullets hit the beer cans on the shelf in the alcove six feet opposite the door, bursting through pornographic caricatures, ripping the paper, clangng, bouncing, twisting the golden metal into contorted shapes. twenty times, the shot cracks the thick soft plastic as if it were glass - the door locked, flames lick up the gown on the hook, tied down, the flames lick up the person in the gown. laughter, below the rock and roll in the corridor, below the hum of air conditioning, the hum of computers. mouths open in the dull red glow, smoke drifts out, the clock bursts its cogs and springs, belches out into the room, across the dusty floor. " make them open their boxes, check for alcohol - keep it, it's one of the perks of the job ". solvents, dreams, langour, drink - kisses for the troops, flowers showered on the spectators, shot through with silver pins, the recognition of an unspoken understanding. laughter, echoes through the long corridors, tears stain the toilets' floors. the telephone burns, dripping fiery plastic splinters onto the floor, black and white and a subtle gray accentuated by the flickering light - the message trodden into the snow - " aids, joe ".

i am the " flotsam and jetsam ", the " wanks " " brank ", " scarecrow ", " friend ". i am at my best, when fading fast, i am in a timeless uniform, a changeless trap, not hostile, but cruel - dominating my life, and offering security. the weak learn fast, that it is strength, versus vulnerability, not hate, that breeds attack - show the slightest initial shink and it will be opened, the weak have acquired a certain kind of beauty, that will attract a certain kind of nameless rape, breathlessly forgotten as they progress to 'adulthood', and 'normality'. was my neck best twisted, my head best bleeding, my lips best bitten, and my hair cropped short, some few become the things they feel and fail to forget - they learned too late, did not have the in-turned tact for self - protection, shed their feathers and their flowers in acts their partners could not see, left in cold stone hallways with statuettes, naked, grief, with clouds of breath for smoke. your children are frozen into shadows of men, you will never understand, they will never forget, returning to, and recreating sly shadows of their past.

the dust falls from the inverted flower and stains the sheet, the delicate, centred, circular configuration is taken out of the cupboard and examined - strange brownish gray lines of seed. the ball pounds the backboard, the player dropped out when his head hit the wall, crouched in dreamy contemplation, sits, looking down from the observation balcony, his knees tucked up into his chin, centring the other children below - twisting, passing, gracefully - ducking, hedging, drawing back, tossing, turning, escaping - attacking, dancing, scoring. they appear chrisital clear, but the sense of touch is warmly numb, sight crowding out sensation and hearing, a futile hope of tastes to come. i slept in school and seemed to fall, out of reach, into a pit of sleep. i wandered, dazed, across the yard, lightheaded, almost drunk, but with heavy, sleepy limbs - i could have died, there, on that bed, my brain pumped the drug into my veins, the effort needed to get up took my breath away. i was stunned by my numbness, i almost forgot, escaping - even dreams - lying back in a bath of sensation.

the kids don their colours, beat the shit out of each other, as the old men parade up the aisle. the old chant pleads in latin, the young scream orders at their friends - the horsehair pancake is tossed, over an iron bar - not stolen this year - and lands in a mess of bruising limbs. the old men shine in red and gold, sceptres and mink, crimson and long, the young are a seething, breathing mass of black - contracting, receding, surging returning - at the knife's edge as they weigh on the scales, to give the most brutal his just return. shrove tuesday - ash wednesday, the lies wear on in a violent haze.

he chose to rearrange the scenery, with a razor blade across another's face. i chose to accept, and try to forget, but now i am paying the price. felo de se, get them before they get you, or at least in revenge, an eye for an eye, a heart for a heart, at least then you can live with yourself. whatever i did, i did in self - defence, i never saw wrong, in these parts of me. much of my love, hate, cut from me into myself, i bled tears for the crimes of other people who drove me to the edge. in rare moments, i felt such sweetness to hear, these strange people say, like me, that they wished, from this 'silver' tower, to spread their arms, and legs, and face, like paint across the flagstones below.

- ashenden. monastry. 1/2/85.



# film manifesto

if we are to talk of the future at all i want to lay down a few basic principles whose non - existence in a concrete form, as of yet, has something to do with finance and courage :

1/ in line with the work in 'o.m.f.' magazine, which for all its failings fulfilled my intention, to represent a view of mine as concisely as i possibly could, a view which i still hold, all works should be utterly personal in their perspective. this is not to reinforce self - indulgent elements in it but to make the work more, not less, objective, to the spectator, as for not one moment do i present this as anything beyond myself - my bias is inherent and hopefully understood as such right from the outset.

2/ too many people claim the monopoly on truth - i claim the monopoly on my truth, no - one else's. it is vital that everything that is done stems from a personal situation, facing the same disciplines of censorship and secrecy that have produced my subjective state - personal acts, not theatrical acts - personal props, not theatrical props : the found, the recycled, those items mythically imbued with the properties that have worked on me before.

3/ the method must be a paradigm of the situation - films made at night, clandestine footage recording the constant threat of discovery by the people who, in every sense, have made me. a play with one actor, a faithfull re - enactment and developement upon that which i do regardless of my desire to communicate it to other people : i am the performer and the spectator, my discretion makes up the whole of external factors shaping the final 'editorial' process. the props - of my room, my house, my street, my school.

4/ 'anal, oral, genital ashenden' - the 'polysexuality' of my action is the will to play, to experiment, combined with the mechanics of emotional power. it is a force that drives emotion to a presexual root, and precisely because of this, embraces depravity. it is a sexuality born out of the experience of pain and power, guided by power to a personal era prior to the dangers of sexuality, prior to the experience of cruelty - yet which is irreversibly enacted by the present, adolescent self.

5/ the creative focus of my emotions has at least partially freed me from the tyranny of the people who made up 'my world' in the period during which this 'self' was formed. i have the freedom to demonstrate the truth, with the audience as surrogates for those who, either positively or negatively, are important to me. i effect, and, if sucessfull, can partially provide, a cartharsis, the consequences of which i need not face when reimmersed from the land of 'art' back into the formative land of 'life'.

6/ creation is a temporary refuge from the rigours imposed by society - the light, the violence, the fire, the noise, are positively anti - social forces : the force communicated and indulged in is not the knowledge that perfection is being achieved, or at least pursued, but the creation and indulgence in a feeling of power. this is a feeling that transcends any individual action, and for that reason the person in control has to be constantly aware of emerging possibilities for change, for the sake of evolution, and for origionality.

- ashenden, monday 25th march, 1985.